

## PLAINT OF A BAD SCHOOLBOY

DOESN'T WANT TO MASTER THE ART OF BOTTOMING CHAIRS.

Goes on Strike on an Exhibition Day and Insults Nicerly What Words a Ship's Mate Uses When He Curses—Hard Case of Public School Insurgency.

It was a stray programme that the young man held in his hand and it stated that there would be an exhibit of the sewing and construction work of the secondary school children of Brooklyn and Queens. The young man noted the cover of the programme. An uncouth hand had designed it. The pin cushion resembled a perverted tomato. The lettering was ragged. It was a wholly sincere, inefficient, touching piece of handiwork. Inside the cover the stubby lead pencil had routed out "J. S. B. & G. P. S. 128," which was plainly the signature of the designer. The decent pride of that self-respecting pinxit interested the young man who held the programme. He cheerfully climbed five flights of stairs to the top floor of the Board of Education building, 131 Livingston street, Brooklyn. Perhaps J. S. of Boys & Girls. P. S. 128, would be on the premises.

The low ceilinged rooms were jammed with women. The air was heavy and sickening. In one corner little boys who were ripe for bed and slumber were sitting in Indian dress within a fragile wigwam. In another corner little girls were sewing in the sweet shop environment. Here and there little boys were crouched on the floor weaving chair bottoms and plaiting baskets. An orchestra of fifteen violins played by knickerbockered boys and short skirted girls dispensed Mozart in a conscientious way. One man was visible. He walked around hurriedly. On the walls were mosaics of baskets, chair bottoms, dollies and little girls' dresses and underwear.

One of the boys who had been inserting a chair bottom as best he could for the hampering, admiring women hovering over him suddenly straightened up. His face contracted oddly. He ceased to work. A teacher came rapidly toward him.

"Why, Jack," she said. "You mustn't stop. You must go right on plaiting. Remember this is an exhibition."

"I'm not going to do any more, Miss Gwyn," was the answer. "I'm just not going to do any more. I'm dead tired, and I think it's all silly rot, anyway."

The teacher fetched the principal. He spoke sternly.

"Tian't any use, Mr. Rogers," Jack told him. "I didn't want to do it. I never liked it. I'm tired anyhow and I've just gone on strike. You can do what you like with me to-morrow, but I won't work, and I'm going home."

He got up and pulled out a cap which he dusted in a perfunctory way against his leg. The young man who had labored upstairs and who no longer regretted it followed him into the hall.

"Excuse me," he said, "but would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jack Saunders," said the boy. "What's yours?"

"I just wanted to tell you I don't blame you and I'd have done the same thing, only sooner. I guess," the young man explained. "It's pretty dull work, isn't it?"

"You bet," replied the striker. "Say, honestly, I wish I'd lived years ago. I've heard my dad tell about when he went to school. They taught you all you needed to know, I guess, then. Any rate, he got along. He's a lawyer. But, I guess, what good is it going to do me to know how to make chair bottoms?"

"Why, I'd rather go to sea or dig a ditch than make chair bottoms. Wasn't it hot in that room? And women not in my way and said an awful lot of stuff."

"I'd rather be a pirate or work on a railroad than sew and make baskets and all that sort of thing we have to do at school. I ain't saying it's all right for the girls. I know a girl in the next grade to me. She couldn't sew her graduation dress—like those you saw hanging on the wall—of nothing but muslin and all the other girls she went with had silk. Gee, she was out for the next year. I'd like to see her and all that. She was tickled to death. Yes, it's all right for the girls. If her life had been saved she couldn't have been happier."

"There's an awful tough gang out my way. They are always having a good time. Gee, I wouldn't want to go with that gang! But, honest, I will, I think. If I have to do this girl's work all the time. I ain't right. I know it must be good for me and all that, but there's something rotten about it. I just don't like it."

"Golly! You've got my programme! Isn't that the funniest thing? Do you play ball? Did you ever go to sea? You did! Did the mate knock you senseless? Only once! Say, what did he say?"

## CROKERS PROTEGE OUSTED.

Waldo Dismisses Clerk Rosenthal for Gratifying County Island Tickets.

Seal J. Rosenthal, a clerk in the office of Fire Chief Croker and for years considered a protégé of Croker, was dismissed from the department yesterday by Commissioner Waldo after being found guilty of misuse of office.

Rosenthal was a civil employee occupying a sort of confidential position in Croker's office. When he went down to the Commissioner's office yesterday afternoon to stand trial there was amazement among the other clerks and the employees in the administration building.

The charge against Rosenthal was that he used department stationery in writing to an amusement place at Coney Island asking for season tickets for nine persons.

Reported to the Commissioner that such a request made on department paper was in the nature of a demand, for the Fire Department has to approve all applications for licenses for places of amusement.

Besides, firemen are detailed from the fire chief's office to inspect such places as provided as required by law.

The clerk was asked by the Commissioner if he had written the letter and he replied that he had. After that the trial was short and the Commissioner announced that the clerk's services would be terminated after yesterday.

Croker and Rosenthal were always very friendly. When Croker and Fire Commissioner Hayes had a controversy in 1905 Rosenthal hung up the receiver while the Commissioner was trying to give him orders. That was Hayes's last day of his first term as Commissioner.

When he returned as Commissioner after Commissioner Lantry resigned about the first thing he did was to send Rosenthal to Brooklyn to keep him there.

When Waldo took office as Fire Commissioner Croker asked him to bring Rosenthal over from Brooklyn and reassign him to the chief's office. The Commissioner did so.

Rosenthal spoke of himself last night as a victim of the erraticism of Commissioner Waldo. He said he wrote a personal note to a friend who was a photographer in the office of a showplace at Coney Island asking this friend to be sure to get him eight "combination" tickets for the opening night and enclosing \$1.00.

The friend, he said, sent back the money saying that he no longer worked with the place and suggesting that Rosenthal write to the amusement company's manager. Rosenthal said he followed his friend's advice and wrote to the manager the letter that caused his dismissal yesterday.

## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Those flamboyant young college fellows who persist in rah-rahing in Broadway rathskellers make me tired, as they do everybody," said the old football player, "but never again will I insult any of them, no matter how obnoxious they become."

"I was sitting with a quiet party one evening lately when we were annoyed by a large party who came, it was easy to learn, from a small college in New Jersey. One of them came over to our table and insisted on buying us a drink. We couldn't shake him and finally I told him to get out, rising at the same time and opening my coat for the fight that I thought would follow. His friends had gathered around; we were four to their ten or twelve, but I was so angry at the fellow's impudence I felt sure I could lick the lot. But the minute I opened my coat he reached forth with his hands and the next second was giving me the fraternal grip. He had got a flash of my pin when I opened my coat."

"Sure! I was never so mad in my life. I was itching to give him the trouncing he deserved, and instead of doing it I had to profess undying fraternal affection, meet his friends, have them meet mine and then mix in with them. It was an hour before I could get myself together enough to break away."

"The noisier they are in future the more I'll leave them alone."

"Every time I serve on a jury," said the man who thinks that he does more than his share of that kind of civic duty, "I take a supplementary trip through a department store, then I go home and ponder on the perspicacity of women witnesses. How they can swear so positively to an article that has a million counterparts in this one town or that one. A woman will take oath that there is nothing in the world that a woman can swear to more positively than a pair of curling tongs, yet in every store there are thousands just like the pair in question. A woman will take oath that there is an amber headed, rhinestone studded hat-pin belongs to a certain woman. Maybe it does, but how can she be so sure of it when there are half a million other women wearing hairpins of the same kind? No body can fool a woman on sidecombs either, yet when I go into a store I find counters filled with the same kind of combs for other women to buy."

Then I look at my own personal belongings to see what I could be identified by if I should be sandbagged in a strange place. I have a watch, but it isn't monogrammed and there are 10,000 other watches just like it. My pocket-knife could be duplicated many times over, so could my cuff buttons and scarf pin. But a woman never sticks at this multiplicity of similar articles. She swears that a thing belongs to a particular person as serenely as if it was the only one of its kind in existence. And the funny part of it is her identification is usually correct."

"Didn't read in *THE SUN* the other day," said a city explorer, "about a new short trolley line in Brooklyn, down by the Bush terminal, with a three cent fare? It reminds me of another trolley line in Brooklyn, an old one this is, on which the fare is the same. This line runs from Hamilton ferry, Brooklyn, along Hamilton avenue a little piece and then down Van Brunt street to and just beyond the Erie Basin. Distance a mile or more; fare three cents."

Below the printed sign "Teacher of Languages" was a smaller written notice which said: "Cooking recipes translated into any language."

That was plain English, yet it had to be translated into more comprehensive terms for one inquisitive caller.

"Cooking translations are made for women who employ foreign cooks," said the teacher. "The girls can neither read nor write English and the mistress cannot speak or read their language. She has favorite dishes that she would like prepared and the girls are capable of making them if they could read and understand what is wanted. There are few foreign translations of our American cook books. Foreign cooks don't think enough of our cooking to waste any time in turning a whole book into another language, but I find that there is a pretty steady demand for the services of anybody who will translate single recipes."

## FIRE UNDERWRITERS' SHOW.

The Play at Minstrels and Burlesque the Hotchkiss Investigation.

The young men who are at once alumni of the School of Commerce of New York University and fire insurance underwriters gave a minstrel show last night at Carnegie Lyceum. It was the Baronesse Alumni Association, called for Nicholas Barbone, the first man to think of writing fire insurance, and the purpose of the show was to provide some money for the purchase of books to increase the insurance library of the Insurance Society of New York.

Harold G. Howe, the president of the association, said that the show netted the library about \$1,000. After the minstrel show proper the underwriters gave a burlesque and a comedy as well as a sketch which smoked cigarettes, had a camera pointed at him all the time, did the questioning, and the questions the superintendent fired at them. The audience recognized the originals of the characters and enjoyed the show. It was written by John M. Boylan and Edward W. Dart.

Some of a number of cork artists were James D. Waite, George H. Holden, Robert D. Owen, C. Allen Reeves, Joseph S. Durkin, H. G. Byrd, William A. Earle, Harry Mass, Charles Hannah and George Babbitt.

## NO TRINITY REAR TENEMENTS.

Reverend Manning Explains the Teasing Down of Some on Church Property.

William T. Manning, rector of Trinity parish, made this statement yesterday: "Certain statements have appeared in the newspapers in reference to the teasing down of a number of 'rear tenements' owned by Trinity parish."

It should, however, have been stated that these rear tenements are all of them buildings which have only just come under the control of Trinity Corporation. They are buildings erected by others and owned by them on land leased from the corporation.

On the first day of this present month the leases expired on this property to which attention has been called and already the buildings are being destroyed.

This simple statement of the facts is due to Trinity parish and it also due to the Tenement House Department of the Charity Organization Society, which in its recently issued report stated explicitly that in the tenement house property owned and controlled by Trinity parish "not a single rear tenement or rear dwelling house was found."

## A TITLED HUNSMAN.

Comte de Fitz-James Has Been Shooting in Laredo, Mexico.

With an immense quantity of baggage, which included rifles and shotguns, the Comte de Fitz-James and William Barron arrived at the St. Regis yesterday from Laredo, Mexico, on their way to London.

Mr. Barron is an Englishman, and he has a ranch down there, and the Comte de Fitz-James, a relative, has been visiting him. The Comte is a nephew of Comte Henri de Fitz-James, who was at one time engaged to marry the late Sybil Sanderson, and is a relative of the Duke of Berwick, better known by his Spanish title of Duque de Alba.

## Young Pardee Gets His Divorce.

Supreme Court Justice Gerard granted yesterday an interlocutory decree of divorce to Roy E. Pardee, son of Dwight W. Pardee, secretary of the New York Central, from Lillian B. Pardee.

## RUMSEY-HARRIMAN WEDDING

SIMPLE CEREMONY AT ARDEN WITH FEW GUESTS.

The bridegroom a sculptor and the bride the daughter of E. H. Harriman—Little Church Filled With Flowers From the Estate—To Live at Arden.

In the little Episcopal church of St. John's at Arden Miss Mary Harriman, the oldest daughter of the late E. H. Harriman, was married yesterday to Charles Cary Rumsey of Buffalo. The ceremony was simple and there were few guests.

A general holiday among the employees of the Harriman estate was declared yesterday. More than 300 of them hung about the place and a few attended the wedding. The clear skies and wonderful foliage of the Ramapo Hills supplied a fine setting for the affair.

Arden church, a tiny structure containing not more than twenty-two pews, was turned into a garden of lilacs and smilax and blooming snowballs. A new green carpet had been laid along the centre aisle for the occasion. Every part of the church except the roof was covered. The four walls were hung with festoons of smilax, the pews lined with white and lavender lilacs and the altar was bedecked with all sorts of wild flowers gathered from Arden forest.

Shortly before noon the bridal party came down from the Harriman house in a half a dozen automobiles. They went into the church immediately. The ceremony, which was very brief, was performed by the Rev. J. Holmes MacGinness, a close personal friend of Mr. Harriman. There were no ushers and no bridesmaids. Miss Carol Harriman was the maid of honor and Lawrence D. Rumsey, Jr., a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. The bride was given away by her brother, W. Averell Harriman. She wore a gown of white lace over white satin without a train. Her veil was fastened to her hair by a cluster of orange blossoms. She carried a bunch of American Beauty roses. Mrs. E. H. Harriman was dressed entirely in white.

In spite of the fact that two special trains, one from Jersey City and another from Newburgh, ran into Arden yesterday the guests were comparatively few. Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry, the second daughter of E. H. Harriman, was there, but her husband was unable to go because of the wedding of his brother, Peter Goetz Gerry, to Miss Mathilde Townsend in Washington. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Averell of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Rumsey, parents of the bridegroom; Miss Rumsey of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cary of Buffalo, Thomas Hastings, an architect, of New York; C. C. Tegethoff, Miss Harriman's secretary, and Charles T. Ford, superintendent of the estate.

On the way to the church the party passed the little cemetery where Mr. Harriman is buried. His grave had been covered with twigs of spruce and bits of evergreen. The graveyard is very close to the church.

When the ceremony was over the motor cars, which along the lower road, through the forest and up to the top of the hill, along the twisting roads, a distance of two miles. A wedding breakfast as simple as the wedding itself was served for the friends of the Harrimans and Rumseys. There were about twenty present.

At 3 o'clock a low flat car was dragged slowly up the tracks of the steep incline plan railway to the house. "Sa the hill. An hour later the car slid down. On it were the bride and bridegroom and several members of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey boarded the Harriman private car. Arden, where Mr. Harriman had always used, waved good-by and went away. A good many workmen were on hand to cheer them as the special train pulled out.

Nothing pleased Mrs. Rumsey so much as a present she received from the employees on the estate. It was a large silver loving cup bearing the inscription "With best wishes from the 400 superintendents and workmen of the Arden estate, May 26, 1910." The bride is extremely popular among the men, for she has been active in the conduct of the Arden dairy farms since the death of her father.

A friend of the Harriman family said last night that Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey will return to Arden after a short trip. Mr. Rumsey, who is known as a sculptor, will continue his work in art.

## GERRY TOWNSEND.

President, Vice-President and Other Notables at the Wedding.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The President, the Vice-President, members of the Cabinet, diplomats and many other prominent in official and social Washington attended the wedding here at noon to-day of Miss Mathilde Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Townsend, and Peter G. Gerry, son of Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry of New York City. The wedding guests were gathered in the ballroom overlooking the Italian garden. The altar was arranged in an alcove which had been converted into a bower of tall palms and ferns with roses and white lilies on either side.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. John's Church. Robert Livingston Gerry was best man, and Miss Katherine H. Elkins, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, was the bride's only attendant. Charles Eaton Strong of Erie, Pa., the bride's uncle, gave her away.

Musicians from the Marine Band stationed at one end of the promenade hall played during the ceremony. During the ceremony the President stood with Mrs. Townsend, Commodore and Mrs. Gerry and other members of the family. The wedding was followed by a breakfast attended also by Mr. Taft, by the Vice-President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General and others in official life. The President congratulated Mr. Gerry and the bride and pledged their health to the 200 guests standing.

Among others at the wedding besides the President, Vice-President and members of his Cabinet were the Ambassador from Germany, Baroness Rosen, wife of the Russian Ambassador; Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Mabel Gerry, members of the bridegroom's family; Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Ogden Mills, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dowell, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Major G. C. Crichton Webb, John R. Townsend, Adrian Beilin, all of New York; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Holmes, Senator and Mrs. Dewey, Senator and Mrs. Newlands, Senator and Mrs. Wetmore, Senator and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Evelyn Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Mrs. Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore, Col. and Mrs. McCawley, and members from the Diplomatic Corps and resident and official society to the number of nearly two hundred.

Among the wedding gifts were a string of pearls and a house in New York from Commodore Gerry and his family and a diamond of diamonds presented by Mrs. Charles Eaton Strong and her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Ronalds, the aunt and cousin of the bride. Miss Elkins, the maid of honor, who shares honors with the bride in being one of the finest housewives in the country, gave her a diamond box. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt sent a diamond brooch, and the list of gifts included many rare pieces of brocade, splendid old lace and embroidered robes, pictures and rare editions of books.

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"AS YOU LIKE IT" BY BOYS.

Riverside School Boys Give an "Outdoor Performance in The Bronx."

A man who lost his way in The Bronx yesterday afternoon climbed a rocky hill to get his bearings and found that he had stumbled upon the Forest of Arden.

There in the centre of a grassy glade, guarded by a crescent of oaks, stood Orlando peering over his visor to Rosalind, who presently was seen peering from a leafy covert to the right. When the spectator had caught his breath and rubbed his eyes he learned that what he saw was an outdoor presentation of "As You Like It" by the boys of the Riverside school.

It was past mid-afternoon when Frank S. Hackett, head master, and Miss Grace Fisher, who formerly played *Celia* with Miss Modjeska, had applied the last touch of grease paint, made fast the last safety pin and all was ready. By that time the natural amphitheatre just outside the enchanted forest had been filled with the parents and friends of the players.

Then came the players trooping down the glade and led by Orlando and the melancholy Jacques in a wild dash for the screen of branches that formed the wings of the outdoor theatre.

The natural setting of the play would have been the despair of a great master of stagecraft. The green of the trees made a wonderful background for the bright costumes and the sub and clouds threw light and shadow as though they had been especially engaged to produce "effects."

After the orchestra from the People's Music School had played, a diminutive page came from behind a tree and hung upon a branch a rustic sign which told that the scene was before *Oliver's* house. Orlando and Adam followed, old Adam carrying as best he might the weight of his fifteen years.

The actors were soon at ease and the play proceeded with sprightly grace. Rosalind proved that she, or he, had mastered the handling of a pocketless garment as well as Shakespeare's lines, while *Celia* was most charming in a wonderful blond wig.

A great triumph for realism came in the evening scene. It was not at all the milk and water exhibition given by most *Orlando* and *Charles*. The real green-flecked was really due up by two pairs of flying heels, and *Charles* was a rugged rugged. It looked for a moment as though Mr. Shakespeare's story would set all mixed up.

The cast was:

Benjamin Duke, J. O. Outwater, 17; Frederick, G. Kinnaird, 18; Amiens, H. Rosenthal, 14; Jacques, T. S. Andrews, 14; Le Beau, J. Bertschman, 13; Charles, Paul Car, 15; Oliver, H. Passmore, 14; Orlando, G. Ernst, 18; Adam, A. Woodruff, 17; Touchstone, John Work, 15; Corin, W. Doig, 14; William, J. Mages, 17; Rosalind, A. D. Baker, 13; Celia, E. Haines, 12; Audrey, B. Moran, 12.

## NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Belasco Engages Janet Beecher for "The Concert"—"The City" to Close Season.

David Belasco has engaged Janet Beecher for the leading feminine rôle in the forthcoming production of "The Concert" which he will make at the New Belasco Theatre in October.

Charles J. Ross has been engaged by William Morris, Inc., to play the title rôle in the production of "Chanticleer," the musical satire from Vienna which opens the regular summer season on the American Roof Garden June 5. Other members of the company include Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor, who will portray the parts of *The Goose and The Fox*. Bert Clark and Jane Hamilton will be seen as *The Cat and The Magpie*, while Barry Lupino, from the Gaiety Theatre, London, will take the part of *The Dog*.

Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City," which has now been playing continuously in New York City for more than six months, will end its first season on Saturday evening, June 4. It will reopen here in the fall.

Daniel Frohman has become the owner of William M. Chase's oil painting of Mrs. Fiske which the artist painted for the actors' Fund and which was raffled for at the Players Club booth. The picture was won by Charles E. Proctor of Great Neck, L. I., a friend of Mr. Frohman, to whom he presented it.

With numerous novel attractions and under the management of Schenck Bros., the Palisades Amusement Park, Palisades, N. Y., will open for the season to-morrow afternoon. Sensational fun-making devices will be the automobile race, aeroplane coaster and freestop sleigh ride. In addition there will be vaudeville shows every night in an up to date theatre that has a seating capacity of 1,200.

Arrangements were concluded yesterday whereby Daniel V. Arthur will move De Wolf Hopper and his company in "A Matinee Idol" from Daly's Theatre to the Lyric.

Ryan Buys Yerkes Stable.

Thomas F. Ryan, who recently bought the Yerkes art galleries, adjoining his home at 854 Fifth avenue, has also acquired the Yerkes stable at 129 East Sixty-ninth street from Robert E. Dowling. Mr. Dowling bought the property at the recent auction sale for \$20,000.

Daniels—Brownell.

Miss Grace Stanley Brownell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas B. Brownell, was married to Harold Platt Daniels of New York yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of her parents. The Rev. Ebon B. Cobb, pastor of the second Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, N. J., performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. Robert Halsey and the Misses Eleanor Bodman and Majorie Sinclair of New York. Mrs. Margaret August of Chicago and Miss Janet Kearny of New Haven. The ushers were William F. Daniels, David Moffat Peters, and Charles Macdonald of New York.

Clement to Sing in Concert.

Edmond Clement, the French tenor, who was brought to this country last winter to sing at the New Theatre and then left the employ of the Metropolitan Opera Company because he was to be engaged for only three months next season, will return here next year in concert. He will appear for three months under the management of Loudon Charlton.

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